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ODE
ON THE
FLUCTUATIONS
OF
CIVIL SOCIETY,
&c. &c.

ODE

ON THE

FRUCTIFICATION

OF

CIVIL SOCIETY

AND

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O D E

ON THE

992. h. 20.
8

FLUCTUATIONS

OF

CIVIL SOCIETY.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

AN ODE TO FORTUNE.

~~~~~  
αἱ Μοῖσαι γὰρ ἔ φιλοκερδῆς  
πῶ τὸτ' ἦν, εἰδ' ἐργάσις.  
οὐδ' ἐπέρναστο γλυκεῖαι  
μελίφθογοί ποτ' ἱ Τερψιχόρας,  
ἀργυρωθεῖσαι πρόσωπα,  
μαλθακόφωνοι αἰοδαί.

PINDAR, ISTHM. 2.

Impiger extremos currit mercator ad Indos,  
Per mare pauperiem fugiens, per saxa, per ignes.

HORACE, 1 EP. 1. 45.

~~~~~  
LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. DEBRETT, OPPOSITE BURLINGTON HOUSE,
PICCADILLY.

1797.

O D E

ON THE

ELECTIONS

OF

CIVIL SOCIETY.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

AN ODE TO FORTUNE.

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London: Printed by J. Johnson, in Pall-mall, near the Theatre-Francoise, 1794.

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1794

O D E

ON THE

FLUCTUATIONS

10

CIVIL SOCIETY.

STROPHE I.

SONS of the North ! whose fires of yore
The dauntless heart to conquest bore,
Who on degenerate Rome impell'd
The stream that to a torrent swell'd,
And (sweeping wide the magick strife
The arts triumphant held with life)
Gave, for high souls great deeds inspire !
To nature renovatèd fire.—

The

The myriad hosts in rude array
 Won their flow disputed way,
 Faced the nerve-relaxing beam
 Of suns, the vine with curling arms
 Allures to kiss her purple charms :
 Whose scorching fires, refracts the bright perennial
 stream.

ANTISTROPHE I.

What tho' in all-attractive youth
 Science explores the path of Truth ?
 Lo ! if *her* clear perspicuous ray
 Burst o'er the intellectual way,
 From leaden trance the soul up-springs !
 Glory exulting views ! her wings
 Impatient for the fields of light :
 Recedes the sluggard-footed Night !—
 Of Man's frail race the march proceeds
 Kindlier, thro' cultur'd meads,
 All converging to the goal
 From whence, or Reason's torch belies
 Nature's instinctive auguries,
 Truth shall, of Life's dark sphere, irradiate the
 whole !

EPODE I.

Not warn'd in vain,
 'E're Phrenzy sweep with conflagrating hand
 Wide o'er Urania's bright auspicious plains;
 Reflect ! disdain
 The fell Fanatick's desolating brand,
 Alike with torpid Slavery's abject chains.
 Thro' Time's deep vista teach to fly
 The calmly retrospective eye ;
 There in mazy course meand'ring
 Two broad-f swelling streams * to meet,
 Side by side, unmingled, wand'ring :
 Turbid-dark ! and crystal-sweet !
 Herculean task ! of *that* the bed to drain,
 Of *this* the genial course to cherish fair,
 (Wafting its dew's aperiënt o'er the *plain*,
 A grateful paradise expanding there :)
 Be these the bloodless toils of man !
 The heav'n-taught, all-embracing plan !
 Till, spent foul Luxury's flood, Life's sphere may
 prove
 The smiling soil of truth, of liberty, and love !

* Luxury. Science.

STROPHE 2.

With crash more dread than tongue can tell,
 Of late a Gothick fabrick * fell !
 The hideous ruins smoking round,
 Long-pent-up vapours leapt the bound,
 Far by the winds diffusive blown,
 Phrenzy-sublim'd contagion !
 Till Science loath'd the rushing light
 That pour'd auspicious o'er the site.
 Oh change abhorr'd ! oh scene accurst !
 Bond of common nature burst,
 Mercy shudd'ring fought the skies !
 And horror-wild of civil blood,
 Was taught to quaff the crimson flood,
 To mock at groans of death, and shrinking women's
 cries !

ANTISTROPHE 2.

Freedom ! indignant Nature's child !
 Thou heard'st thy name invok'd, and smil'd :
 A smile of horror ! dread, severe,
 Precursor of a wrathful tear !—

* The French Monarchy.

The simple virtues round her clung,
 And hop'd their honey from her tongue,
 But mark'd the broad-expanding wing,
 And with their mother upward spring :
 Wild roars the wat'ry world, but fear
 Left with Europe in the rear,
 Dauntless she the air explores ;
 And while Columbia smiles afar,
 Superior to the frown of war,
 Hails her bright recent realms, and seeks her fav'rite
 shores !

EPODE 2.

Oh Albion ! isle,
 Prosp'rous that heard'st beneath her tow'ring wing,
 Blaz'ning thy sons, the soul-enkindling Nine ;
 Where now the smile,
 Conscious that crown'd the rapture-quiv'ring string
 True to a flight of fame almost divine ?
 Expectant of thy final doom,
 Wear'st thou a deep portentous gloom ?
 Ev'ry heart, vindictive beating,
 Wait on Phrenzy's sweeping flight :
 Error's maze, that mocks retreating,
 Sears the angry balls of fight !

B

Valour,

Valour *, inglorious-doom'd, and Vict'ry † vain,
 And Honour, grief-inwrapp'd, with moody brow,
 And preffure-fainting Commerce ! fear-struck train ;
 Freedom ! a realm abjur'd by thee, avow.
 Not that a bold ferocious band
 Shou'd tempt defeat on Albion's strand
 Can give a Briton pause—but lest the fire
 That moulds the British heart, must with thy flame
 expire !

STROPHE 3.

In fateful hour when, echoing far,
 The nations madden'd into war :
 When Pow'r-despotick blindly rose,
 Anarchick fury to oppose :
 Europa, fluic'd in ev'ry vein,
 Weeping her myriad offspring slain :
 Lo ! Freedom, violated, mourn'd
 Where'er the tide of vict'ry turn'd :
 In that dread crisis, Albion ! thou
 Held'st not with unalter'd brow,
 Greatly, thy accustom'd height :
 But o'er pale Fancy's clouded glass
 Cou'd'st bid wild airy forms to pass,
 Till Reason sunk supine, the slave of vague affright !

* The Army.

† The Navy.

ANTISTROPHE 3.

Yet 'e're the heav'nly pow'r withdrew
 In whom thy guardian genius flew !
 'Tis thought she deign'd with secret tread,
 To pace that consecrated mead *,
 From whence thy hardy sons of yore
 A brighter wreath of vict'ry bore †,
 Than that false Roman's ‡ temples bound
 Whom Brutus' dagger brought to ground :
 That there, while th' enthusiast heat
 Warm in ev'ry art'ry beat,
 Bright on faithful mem'ry stole,
 The field where HAMBDEN pour'd his blood !
 Her RUSSELL's scaffold-streaming flood !
 And, great in death, her SIDNEY's high, unconquer'd
 foul !

EPODE 3.

Hail, Science ! hail,
 Offspring of Reason fair, by Freedom nurs'd,
 Shedding on humankind propitious light !
 Might aught avail

* Runnemedede. † Magna Charta. ‡ Julius Cæsar.

An age by bondage-spreading Luxury curs'd,
 Thy star might well retard the shades of night !
 She, Sorc'ress fell ! to make life vain
 Comes with the vices in her train,
 That in fair exterior smiling
 Drefs the cold perverted heart :
 Of energick truth beguiling
 Man, the puny dupe of art ?
 Hence, burst the chain that twicetwelve millions bound,
 Stern civick Freedom still the race abhors ;
 And hence where Freedom thrice her *****g
 crown'd,
 The despot's bonds are forg'd 'midst impious wars !—
 Yet he whose ever-during throne
 Rests on eternal truth alone,
 Mysterious ! dread ! supreme ! to issues fair
 Still shapes the flight of time, that prove mankind his
 care !

ODE

O D E

TO

F O R T U N E.

OFFSPRING of Fancy ! fickle pow'r !

Thou tyrant of Life's little hour,

By whom mankind to phrenzy fir'd :

Scorning life's native sweets the while,

Betray in ev'ry look, thy smile,

Possess'd, regretted, or desir'd.

Oft let my eye thy mien peruse :

Thy mien of ever-changeful hues,

At reason's, virtue's, truth's expense :

And as thy wand of beamy gold

Thou wav'st ; mark honour bought and sold,

Or Folly win the mead of sense !

Thro'

Thro' wild extremes of hope and fear
 That wring from man the iron tear
 No sympathy of soul that draws,
 Excursive thought 't is thine to lead :
 To teach his foot the thorn to tread,
 Hopeful his arm may grasp applause !

To view of Life the mystick sphere,
 Thou seem'st sole luminary there :
 Man thoughtless wantons in thy ray !
 Avert the beam : how poor ! how weak !
 The rose, false friend ! deserts his cheek ;
 And groans the coward heart betray !

But art thou (at the Muse's spell
 Constrain'd unwelcome truth to tell)
 Art thou of life the *legal lord* ?
 Thy feet, does servile Man caress,
 With heart devote' to happiness,
 And deeming happiness *a word* ?

Usurper ! Man, to burst thy chain,
 Must learn that life itself is vain
 But as calm thought the will refines ;
 'Tis he, whose mind serene, sedate,
 Thy lawful sway can estimate,
 Who in unborrow'd lustre shines !

Who in the dark, the fateful hour,
Above when threat'ning tempests low'r,
Or bursting on his head descend,
Can with undaunted soul descry
Th' abysses of adversity,
And Joye his sole remaining friend !

'Tis he, and he alone, who gains
Thy sum of bliss, yet spurns thy chains,
Champion of life's true liberty !—
To virtue, self-approval sent,
Superinduces calm content ;
All else is fev'rish fantasy !

THE END.

1472

(18)

Who made this the 1st of the year
Above which the year 1800
Or perhaps on the 1st of the year
Can with much of the year 1800
The year of the year 1800
And for the year 1800

The year of the year 1800
The year of the year 1800



THE END

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